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"What fools these Mortals be!"
MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS DREAM

Puck

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THE AGONY OF THE ASSESSED.—BETWEEN TWO TERRORS.

PUCK.

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PUCK ON WHEELS

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

In came the German Editor—that is, the Editor of the German Puck, who is likewise, as it happens, a German Editor. He sat down in the largest seat in the office and picked up the *Herald*. For a while there was silence. It was Friday last—a busy day. The Chief ran his hand through locks whose luxuriance had long ago been sheared by the cruel hand of Time, and tried to think of something complimentary about the monopolists. The Goat Editor was studying the office copy of Keats. The Society Editor examined a sample of cambric ruching which had been sent him from Morgenstern's Fashion Bazaar, while the Sporting Editor perused "Krik's Guide to the Turf" with a happy, far-away, harvest-home sort of look. At last the German Editor spoke.

"The history of that cut," he said, as he held up the *Herald* picture of Guiteau's brain: "is very curious. I made its acquaintance shortly after I arrived in this country, about twenty years ago. Then it represented a new kind of torpedo which the rebels had sunk in Charleston Harbor. It was not wholly new then—it had appeared as a view of the back of a tortured slave, in the old Abolition days. Afterward it came out as a magnified picture of the *trichina spiralis*. Later on, it represented a nest of rattle-snakes found in Herkimer County. During the Centennial it was used as a map of Fairmount Park; and I judge by its present appearance that it must have been lent to the country papers to be used as a portrait of General Hancock throughout the last campaign. It is a dear old cut, and when I see it I am always reminded of my sunny youth, when I had no thought of the moral complexities of journalistic life—when I sported, free, pure, innocent and unsophisticated, on the banks of the Rhine, my highest ambition being to make a mash on some lady-like Lorelei. Guten Abend!" And he lit out.

We will not pain our readers by informing them of the precise amount that the House of Representatives appropriated for a navy on Thursday last. It is a matter of little moment whether \$1,750,000 was required for the Bureau of Construction and Repairs or \$2,200,000 for the Bureau of Steam Engineering, including a million of dollars to be devoted to ironclad monitors, or four or five millions to repairing or building something else. There is little curiosity to know anything about the turrets of the "Miantonomoh" or the "Monadnock,"

or whether the first did or did not float six inches higher than had been calculated for.

It will be sufficient to state that a very large sum has been voted, and Mr. George M. Robeson, a gentleman who has distinguished himself in naval matters for several years past, will see that the money is expended in a manner that comes up to his standard of rectitude. Mr. Ex-Secretary Robeson's standard may be very high, but it is a very peculiar one, and somehow or other it differs from that of most honest men. Mr. Robeson has, therefore, devoted his life to prove to his fellow-citizens that he is right and that they are wrong. The task has not been an easy one.

Nevertheless Mr. Robeson has succeeded, if a considerable majority on his side, after an acrimonious debate in the House, may be looked upon as success. We tender our sincere congratulations to Mr. Robeson on his triumph. It would have been hard indeed—after so much expenditure of labor in organizing the House to suit his views, and electing his faithful follower, Mr. Keifer, as Speaker, all for the purpose of passing this naval appropriation bill—if it had miscarried. Without wishing to appear inquisitive, we should like to find out what Mr. Robeson is going to do with the money now that he has got it? Ostensibly it is to build and repair ships with, but that is nothing more than a pleasing fiction.

It is not many monitors or ironclads or fast cruisers that Mr. Robeson will cause to be constructed out of the appropriation. With his special genius for repairs, some of it may, perhaps, be devoted to this purpose; but as to what will become of the rest of it is a mere matter of speculation. Perhaps he has some deep-laid patriotic project on hand. Who knows but that it is his intention to offer premiums for balloon-building, or for the encouragement of an improved breed of elephants, or of prize pumpkins, or for buying farm lands in Alaska? It may be urged that the money cannot be expended for these schemes, as other people besides Robeson will have the manipulation of the money, and will see that it is honestly used.

But we are not very far out in saying that almost every dollar of the appropriation will be inspected by Mr. Robeson. He did it when he was General Grant's Secretary of the Navy, and he will do it again now that he is a member of the Naval Committee. How can it be otherwise with a man of so high a character as Mr. Robeson? He must have a high character, or he would not hold the exalted position of leader of the great Republican party in the House. We scarcely know which ought to feel the more highly honored, Mr. Robeson or the Republican party. Then, when we remember that Mr. Robeson has had the tremendous responsibility of looking after some \$183,000,000 of naval appropriations from 1868 to 1876, he ought to command our profoundest respect and not be stigmatized as a congressional tramp when he asks for more money.

When the Civil Service Reform Association and the Republican Congressional Committee have come to an understanding, the office-holder will begin to find out where he stands. Mr. Jay Hubbell says: "Your voluntary contribution will not be objected to in any official quarter," which means that if the office-holder does not pay, he will be dismissed when a favorable opportunity offers. Says Mr. G. W. Curtis to the office-holder: "Under the laws of the United States, if you do pay you are liable to punishment by fine or removal from office."

The office-holder naturally chooses the lesser of two evils and does not hand over the assessment to the Republican Congressional Committee, and he thinks himself safe because he has public sympathy and the law on his side. But is it real or fancied security?

So long as we have our system of politics, and the dominant party can give the offices away to whom it pleases, there must be money to carry on a campaign. If the office-holders are not allowed to pay, the people will have to pay; for whatever sum is needed for the purpose will be secretly, but surely, abstracted in some manner from the public treasury. The Democrats, when they held sway, levied assessments on office-holders—the Republicans have followed their example, and will doubtless continue to do it in spite of the law. The new Independent party, which is slowly beginning to rise above the political horizon, will find some means of making its principles known without blackmailing poor government employees, whether they be Democrats or Republicans.

It is at this time of the year that the keepers of country resorts are supposed to reap a harvest. As a general thing they are successful, because they are a sharp class, and if they could direct their peculiar sagacity into a different channel, there is no doubt but that after a while they would be sufficiently wealthy to take ice during the heated term. The hotel people give their guests precisely the same kind of entertainment every year. There is never the slightest deviation in the programme. The prices never decrease; but the more people are charged, the better they like it, for it inspires them with confidence in what they purchase.

When hotel-keepers decline to reduce their rates, they should certainly endeavor to have attractions outside of a hop, a cornet-player and a sea-serpent; for these things pall on the mental palate and become tiresome—that is, the cornet-player and hops do, but the sea-serpent does not; it is like the ultimate pleiad (jokes on seven-up barred)—every man thinks he sees it, but he doesn't. The hotels should have new attractions. They should send their representatives down to the steamboat-landings and railway-stations; and these eloquent persons should scream softly and musically, but in positive circus-poster English, the virtues of the novelties of the establishments they have the distinguished honor, etc.

They might speak of the mermaid who combs her hair on demand; and of the whale that spouts water out of his tank on the flower-beds at such a rate that the gardener has to wear an umbrella for his health; and of the giraffe that stands beside a plum tree and reaches the attic rooms with his head, and feels broken-hearted because he cannot reach the rates; and of the beautiful Polish lady who writes cards with her feet; and of the long-haired medical wizard that cures hams (not histrions) through the mysteries of homoeopathy. There are many curiosities idle during the Summer months—that is, professionally idle. And would it not be better, while the museums are closed, to give them a chance to earn a livelihood at their regular vocation, than to see them thrown upon the cold mercies of Weehawken garden farms, where they have to jerk the sweet-scented turnip and the night-blooming cabbage out of the earth for six dollars a month and found? Of course it would, and we advise the hotel-keepers to give them a chance, as such a scheme would not only be a gloriously new departure, but would have a financial basis which would not, in all likelihood, fail to be mutually beneficial.

LIVING ON DREAMS.

According to the latest scientific discoveries, the inhabitants of this earth have been entirely mistaken as to the kind of life that Nature intended them to lead. When, during the course of the last few millions of years, the Simian of the period, with all the modern improvements, found himself evolved into a man, he set about eating and drinking, building himself a shelter, cultivating the land, extracting as much happiness as possible from his new surroundings, and clubbing or otherwise disposing of his neighbor for possible autopsies. These primitive and barbarous ideas have in the course of centuries been more or less improved on, and are the basis of our present civilization. We continue to eat and drink and enjoy ourselves in many ways. We work and play and build handsome houses, and although we do not club our neighbor as much as we did, we make up for it by shooting him in battle or blowing him up with dynamite.

But now it appears that the whole system is wrong, and it is terrible to think of the amount of muscle, brain, time and bad language we have wasted in our endeavor to keep up with what we conceived to be Nature's standard of existence.

We are indebted to a Frenchman for this wonderful revelation, and, happily, the discovery has not come too late. It is in the power of every inhabitant of the earth to benefit by it. All that has to be done is to dream under certain conditions and in certain positions. It is then possible to control dreams and make them either pleasant or otherwise, provided the brain is stimulated through the agency of heat. The head should be bandaged with a layer of wadding, and then the dream can be proceeded with without delay.

Suppose the person to feel hungry, uncomfortable and depressed in spirits. He has but to go to bed and lie on his back. The moment sleep overcomes him, he will find before him Apician banquets, spread in shady groves, where rippling brooks murmur in his auricular all manner of refined and poetic delights. The dreamer must then get his full grip on his dream, and he will be able to partake of and enjoy strawberry-short-cake, ice-cream and all the delicacies of the season, in the most agreeable company.

It matters not whether things are in season—the best that the markets afford will be at his disposal; and if he doesn't see what he wants, he has but to ask for it.

After our dreamer has dined sumptuously and has experienced a thorough restoration of equanimity, he may perhaps desire to be amused.

He has simply to turn on his left side, and then he can have an uninterrupted supply of dreams that are gloriously absurd and full of exaggeration.

For instance, he can dream to order that Mr. Cyrus Field's Elevated Road has adopted the block system; or that Albany Legislators did not accept bribes; or that Mr. Robeson would one day give us a navy; or that the monopolists Messrs. Gould and Vanderbilt would lend their money to the Lord by giving it to the poor; or that a girl would always refuse solitaire diamond earrings or caramels when they were offered to her; or that the small boy would refuse to let off his fire-crackers on the Fourth of July.

The dreamer can now turn on his right side, and, by way of a change, proceed to absorb a little visionary common sense—such as the substitution of free trade for our wicked system of protection for the capital of a few favored individuals. He would probably soon weary of this, when he could return to the back position, and enjoy more delights and luxuries. It will thus be seen that mankind has for many

thousands of years been wasting time in building, cultivating and improving. There must now be an end to all such nonsense. People, to enjoy life thoroughly, should spend it altogether in dreaming, taking care to lie on their backs or on their right sides, and to bandage their heads with wadding, in order to stimulate the brain.

AT A 25-CENT TABLE-D'HÔTE.

"Yes," said the younger man to his companion: "you are, as you have often remarked, older than I am. You are nearing that shadowy verge of life where you can see right before you the golden realms of eternal rest. The slow round of years is drawing to a close with you, and very soon you will lay aside the sorrowful burdens of this weary life and pillow your head on that narrow bed to which we all must come, sooner or later."

"Well?" interrupted the elder man, impatiently.

"Whereas," the young man went on: "I am in the first fair flush of life. A future rich in dreams of ambition lies before me. My soul is full of fresh, high, noble purposes and pure and sweet hopes; and amethystine realizations are before me. Now is it not better that if a pall of gloom must fall on one of us, it should overshadow the few sad and sober-hued years that you have before you, rather than that it should come upon me with its—"

"What does all this mean?" broke in the exasperated veteran.

"It means," said the young man: "that I am going to let you take the first experimental whack at that rabbit-stew the waiter has just brought us."

RONDEAU.

"Look ere thou leap," thus quaintly wrote
Tusser, three centuries remote
From this prosaic age; but yet
I love her, and my soul doth fret
In Love's voluptuous lake afloat.

Had I the power of a Choate
To plead my case, she'd calmly vote
Me but a bore, and frown and "pet":
"Look ere thou leap."

The while I rant and beg and dote,
For me she does not give a groat—
As much as for the silver net
That thralls her hair. So, full I get,
Strike bar-room attitudes and quote:
"Look ere thou leap."

EDWARD WICK.

NEWS OF THE SEASON.

Now is the time when the guests of the watering-place hotel get up a grand benefit concert for the benefit of an indigent negro washwoman, and the programme reads like this:

Piano Solo.—Cachouca Caprice Raff
Mr. Simeon B. Guttenheimer.

Songs.— } (a) A Summer Shower Marzials
 } (b) The Trickling Rill Meyer
 Miss Mulvaney.

Duet.—Let's Be Cheerful Jones
Miss Mulvaney, Mrs. Ferguson.

Recitation.—Curfew Shall Not Ring To-Night Anon
Mr. Hoskins.

Piano Solo.—Requiem Mozart
Variations by Mr. Simeon J. Guttenheimer.

Song.—I'm a Merry Gipsy Maiden Briggs
Mrs. Ferguson.

Recitation.—Not in the Programme Anon
Mr. Hoskins.

Grand Ethiopian Banjo Solo Mr. Montmorenci

Duet.—The Two Roses Guff
Mrs. Ferguson, Miss Mulvaney.

Guests are Requested to Leave Their Umbrellas in the Hall.

Puckings.

THE LORD puts good-sized ears on dogs: man cuts them off.

A QUESTION OF LIFE INSURANCE—Will the Company Burst?

THE INDIVIDUAL POLITICIAN stands on the Greenback platform.

AN OLD LADY at Jordan, near Milwaukee, was last week oilymargarined to death by a ferocious ram.

THE HOT WEATHER has had the effect of crowding all the watering-places, with the exception of Wall Street.

A GREAT MANY clergymen gain enviable reputations for eloquence, when it is the flies that keep the people awake.

IT IS RUMORED that the Thespian Cricket Club is negotiating for a match with a picked eleven from the managers of the Germania Theatre.

BOB INGERSOLL recently lost quite a sum of money in a silver mine speculation, and yet no religious paper has yet alluded to it as a judgment on Bob.

IT IS STATED that you can tell a man's weight by the sound of his footfall; but this cannot be so, because a young man who recently read the paragraph sized up the weight of his girl's father. He thought, by his footfall, he must weigh about one hundred and ten pounds; but one night, when the old man kicked him so hard at the door that he didn't touch the stoop going down, he came to the conclusion that the kicker weighed as much as a safe.

NO MATTER how phlegmatic a dog may be, he never fails to wax nervous and shiver until you take him out in a rowboat. And even as the boat awakens fear in his breast, so does a wharf arouse his gravest suspicions, for when you are on it with him he refuses to come near you, no matter how much you coax him. A kind word only causes him to move further away and gather himself in a sort of ball, while his tail stays down as though tied, and his eyes look cold and desolate.

NOW IT IS that the fashionable young man is having a regular old picnic. He has his hair cut so short that it couldn't be gotten at by an investigating committee; he goes around without a vest on, and wears a blue flannel shirt on the street, and eats onions with his beefsteak, and has all kinds of sticks incorporated in his lemonade. Why does he do these awful things? Because he likes them? That is one reason; the other is because his girl is off in the country; and he will keep up the catalogue of horrors until she comes back, and not a day longer.

A MAN RECENTLY fell down on Warren Street. He was a large individual, and took up lots of the sidewalk, and a bystander thought it the proper time to be funny.

"How did you come to fall?" he inquired: "On a bit of lemon—"

"Yes, sir; on a bit of lemon," replied the corpulent one.

"But I see no lemon," replied the funny man.

"Well, who said you could?" savagely roared the large individual as he got up and dusted himself off with his handkerchief: "Can any one see the lemon in half-a-dozen cocktails, say?"

FITZNOODLE IN AMERICA.

No. CCXXXII.

SUMMER.



Ya-as, just as we are about starting faw the countwy it has stwuck me that in spite of the comparwative wiches of many Amerwicans and the vast extent of terwtorwy, that there are verwy few satisfactory waterwing-places he-ah.

Jack, Mrs. Fitznoodle and myself had a tolerwably interwesting discussion on the subject the othah day, and even the b-b-boy, who is gwowing glorwiously, babbled some wemarks, although I am aw fwee to confess I did not compwehend them.

"They fwequently talk," said Jack: "of the pwodigious numbah of wesorts he-ah, but aftah all a gweat many of them are not worthy of the name."

"Ya-as," I wemarked: "in Gweat Bwtain, in addition to wegions such as Scarborwough, Bwighton, Hastings, the aw Isle-of-Wight, Weston-Super-Marwe, Torquay, there are hundweds of other places inland and on the sea-coast, all maw or less exceedingly desirwable."

"And then," continued Jack: "a fellow has but to wun acwoss the channel and then he has all the Fwench, German and aw Austwian waterwing-places close at hand."

"It is," I wejoined: "vastly bettah to live in Eurwope."

"Perwhaps it may be," bwoke in my wife, somewhat angwily: "but, my de-ah, I intend to wemain he-ah, although I have no objection to an occasional visit abwoad; besides, I won-

dah what fault you two horwid men have to find with Sarwatoga and Newport?"

"None," we chimed in chorwus, but Jack gave way to me.

"Sarwatoga is tolerwable faw aw perwhaps a month, but the wow and wacket there is too gweat; the hotel life is not infwrequently disagweeable, unwefined and vulgah."

"It always weminds me," chimed in Jack, "of twoopahs' mess in barwacks."

"What objection have you to Newport?" inquired my wife.

"Newport is decidedly superwiah in tone, which arwises fwom the mode of life there, as the majorwity of people weside in differwent houses. But then aw what is the use of one solitarwy place? there ougt t to be a hundwed aw Newport."

"Quite twue," I said: "No place can be considered a weally pwopah waterwing-place unless it is possible to go there at any time durwing the ye-ah. I don't mean aw as a mattah of pweferece, but to be able to find, if necessarwy, comfort and accommodation even in the boisterwous and usually aw Wintwy weathah at Chwistmas time. I am perwhaps eccentwic; but I can do this at Bwighton or at Bwoadstairs, Scarborwough or Harwogate, but you cahn't do it in Amerwica, ye know."

"They don't seem," Jack went on: "to welish erwecting stwong buildings of bwick or stone, and making a wespectable and substantial town or village. They wun up monstwous wooden sheds, which invite fiery destwuction, and call them hotels or boarding wesidences. There is much weform wanted in this wespect aw."

THERE ARE MANY pleasant things in this world, but we do not experience one of them at the moment a fly lights on top of our head at this season of the year, when our hair is cut right down to the quick by a pair of horse-clippers.

NATURE VS. ART.

CHAPTER I.—ART.

The other day a wretched-looking specimen was brought up before a justice, charged with stealing a picture valued at five dollars. It was what is technically known as a still life, and represented a lot of fruit thrown carelessly together.

"Do you like this picture?" asked the judge.

"I do, yer Honor."

"Then why didn't you steal the idea and paint one like it?"

"I couldn't, yer Honor."

"You couldn't, eh? Well, if you can't paint as well as that, I'll send you up for ninety days and give you a chance to study Art."

"I didn't steal it because of my love of Art," mumbled the prisoner through his sobs.

"Then why did you steal it?"

"Because I was hungry."

"Then you are all the more entitled to ninety days, because where you are going you will have your meals regularly."

And he went up.

CHAPTER II.—NATURE.

The next prisoner stepped forward.

"What have you been doing?"

"Looking for work."

"Men are not generally brought here for looking for work. Just tell your story."

"Well, you see, judge, I have been out of employment a long time, and have tramped all the way from Canada looking for it; but no one would let me find it. Up in Vermont I went and offered to cut down all the trees on the place for a week's lodging, and they sent me away empty. Then I went down the road and asked for work, saying I would do anything. I stated that I would paint the house, prune the plum trees or count the mosquitos on the farm; but they frowned upon my suggestions. Then I went to another place and proclaimed myself open for anything from making a stone wall to killing a mad dog or assisting the cook in the kitchen; but they said they didn't want anything done."

"Then I went to a Summer resort, and told the proprietor I would go into each and every room in the house and catch all the flies and deliver them to him dead as a proof of my industry; and that I would make a contract to do it through the Summer season for my meals and a place to sleep in the stable. But he would not listen to me, so I trudged on until I reached a farm up the road, where I saw some fine apples. I went in and took some without permission, and was arrested."

"Why did you take the apples, sir?"

"Because I was hungry."

"Why did you not ask for them?"

"Because I knew if I did the farmer would have set his dog on me, and I might have lost my life."

"And you were really hungry?"

"So thin with hunger, judge, that I had to use a cane when I walked; and when I stretched my weary form upon the wayside daisies at night, I was obliged to place a stone upon my stomach to keep me from blowing off the ground."

Then the judge set him at liberty with a reprimand.

Thus did the man who stole apples to eat go free, while the man who purloined a fruit chromo to secure food went up for ninety days. And so it is that Nature always proves her superiority over Art.

NOW READY:

PUCK ON WHEELS
PRICE 25 CENTS.

REPUBLICAN RELIEF.

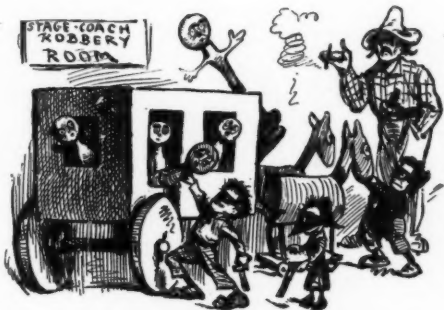


TAX PAYER:—"PRAY HELP ME OFF WITH SOME OF THIS LOAD!"

BENEVOLENT REPUBLICAN:—"OH—AH—YAAS—ALLOW ME TO TAKE THIS OFF."

THE SORT OF SCHOOL WE SOON SHALL SEE

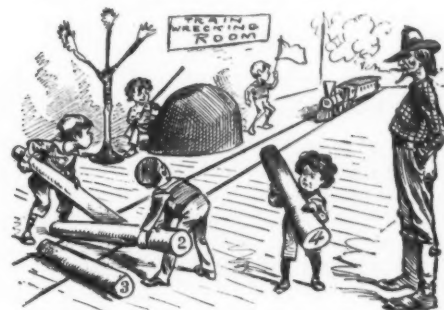
—Thanks to the Boys' Papers and Dime Novels.



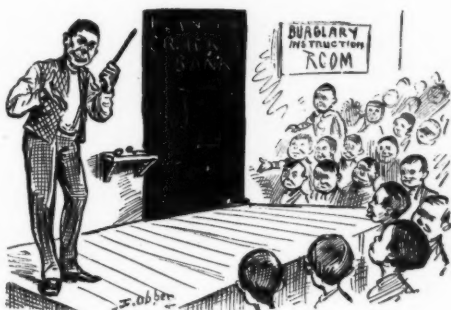
Learning to rob stage-coaches.



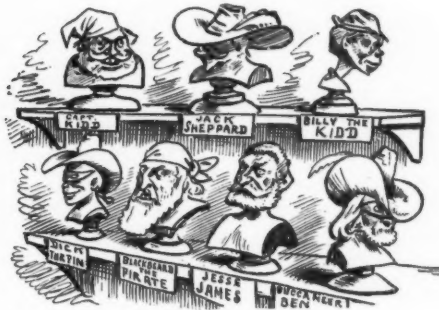
Preparing to be pirates.



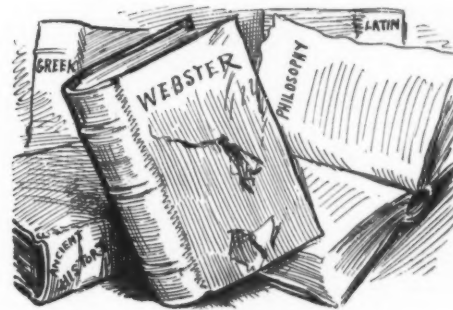
Giving 'em points about train-wrecking.



Burglary made easy.



The statuary collection.



To feed the fire.

MORE BIRDS AND BEASTS.

In the vicinity of Kalamazoo dwelt until very recently a bull-dog with a strange inscrutable love for a locomotive. He would go out to the front gate, and sit on his haunches and wait patiently for hours to see it come steaming around the bend. As soon as it would whistle, the dog would rush joyously out upon the track to meet it, just as though summoned by a human being, and run along the track and watch it until out of sight. Then he would become sad and uncommunicative, and go and lie under the barn for the rest of the day, and refuse to take food or be cajoled. As no trains ran on Sunday, he always spent that day, so dear to the Christian sportsman, beneath the barn, from which cool bower nothing could induce him to move. One Monday morning the dog, in an ineffable delirium of delight at seeing his old iron friend, rushed frantically down to the track, was caught in the wheels and instantly killed. Since that time the locomotive has been so sad and broken-hearted that it can't take a good polish, or go fast enough to be available on anything demanding more speed than a sand train. The dog sleeps beneath the barn. Superstitious people state that on stormy nights may be seen on the spot where the dog was killed, a phantom locomotive standing on its hind wheels, playing a waltz by steam with whistling accompaniment, and dancing airily on the wind, with a rapture-thrilled bull-dog holding it affectionately by the front wheels.

NOTE.—It may be wrong to incorporate the locomotive into an article dealing purely with birds, beasts and reptiles; but there are times when we would rather be President than Right, and this seems to be one of them.

Not more than a month ago an eminent divine, residing and doing business in Brooklyn, made a bivalvular purchase which has given us the material for a little story, which we will blushing entitle "The Talmage and the Clam."

The basket contained, among others of various sizes, a huge specimen which the divine's daughter put aside on the library table, saying its shells would be as good as plaques or panels

to paint on. The clam heard her words, and, understanding its situation thoroughly, felt very sad. When the young lady left the room, her father commenced to dance around and open his mouth as though trying to swallow the back of his head. He was practising for the following Sunday. The clam peeped slyly between its pearly portals, and saw his mouth; and, though the average clam has not much mental or psychologic strength, yet this particular one seemed gifted with wondrous mimetic power, for it opened its shells as far as the hinges would allow, and grinned such a perfect Talmage grin that the clergyman's son noticed it and determined to punish the wicked clam for its impertinence and disrespect. So he took a cigarette from the desk, lighted it at the lamp, and then secured some red pepper, which he knew to be the proper thing to put on raw clams. The clam's gaze was so firmly fixed on the facial gymnastics of its host that it didn't anticipate the wicked designs of the little boy who had been brought up under the eye of a preacher, and before it knew it, it was filled with red pepper. It made it feel pretty raw all over; and as it endeavored to close, it was not a little surprised to learn that it had a lighted cigarette between its shells.

"If red pepper will so quickly cause a clam to shut up, perhaps it may have the same effect on father," was the logical conclusion of the boy.

Acting on this, he secured a handful of red pepper, got behind his sire, waited for him to get his mouth wide open, and then loaded him. In an instant the old gentleman stood on his hands, grabbed his offspring around the body with his legs, and pounded the wall with him for five minutes. When he dropped the boy for dead, he chanced to look around and saw the clam. The cigarette it had been calmly smoking dropped from its mouth; it opened itself as far as it could and grinned, while a sort of spluttering gurgle of applause seemed to flow from it, as it raised itself off the table in convulsions of joy. The clergyman saw at once that his action had been approved, and he said, as he turned a cart-wheel:

"That clam shall never be killed; it shall dwell with me, and die only a natural death."

The clam pushed its hat back on its head, placed its thumbs in the arm-holes of its vest, cocked a quill toothpick between its teeth at an angle of forty-five degrees, and just grinned till its dear old heart almost broke.

The divine sent right out to an oyster-house and purchased some sea-weed, which he made into various garments for the clam, and now they are the firmest friends. Every evening they sit at opposite sides of a small table, the divine placing his chin on his hands and looking fondly at the clam, the clam lying back airily on a sea-weed couch, with a piece of ice on its back, gazing affectionately at its preserver. Thus do they sit for hours, singing "Hold the Fort," with their mouths open like a couple of valises trying to out-grin each other. But when either the small boy who red-peppered the clam, or the young lady who desired to paint on the inside of its shells, enters the room, it bangs itself together like a pair of cymbals and remains as silent and stoical as a cobblestone until they have left the room.

One day a stork was standing on one leg, half asleep, by the sea-shore. A young fisherman, happening to notice its drowsy manner, sneaked up behind it, and, by a quick movement, cut its leg off close to its body.

"Why did you do that?" inquired the stork with emphasis, as it opened its eyes and flopped down on the other foot, which had been under its wing.

"Because," replied the fisherman: "you never use more than one leg, and surely your fancied loss is no loss at all."

The stork was calm for a moment. It was buried in deep thought.

"Come here," it warbled in its sweetest key: "I would speak with so great a philosopher as yourself, that I may gain pearls of worldly wisdom."

When the fisherman was pretty close, the stork suddenly bit his left arm off so close to his shoulder that hereafter it will not be necessary for him to have more than one sleeve in his shirt, and said:

"I have noticed you and your kind for many a day, and never have I known you to use both

hands and arms. You either use the right always and the left never, or *vice versa*, and never change off as I did with my legs. According to my simple and amphibious mind, all ornaments which are useless are unnecessary, and can well be dispensed with; and, furthermore, you should never trouble yourself about perfection in other people when you can't get there your self."

The fisherman, in spite of the pain he was suffering, saw all the truth and beauty of the stork's philosophy, and remarked:

"Come home with me, and we'll vaseline our wounds."

And thither the two proceeded and dressed their wounds, after which they became fast friends and vowed to remain together always. The stork has made the man believe that it would be vanity for him to wear an artificial arm, as he never made any use of his natural member. But when the stork wants to walk it uses a crutch. They are greatly devoted to each other. Every day the fisherman gives the bird a number of fishes to eat, and allows it to idle its time away around the house. When the fisherman is too sick to attend to business, the stork goes flying over the sea, and brings home live fishes in its bill. When it has secured a sufficient quantity, it puts them in the wagon, hitches up the horse, and, sitting on the seat, with the whip in its talons, and the reins in its beak—after the manner of the late Phil Kearney—drives off to the market, disposes of its load, brings the money back and deposits it in its master's lap. Not long ago it went and induced another stork to come and live with them for company. After a while the new addition was trained to tread clams. It takes great pleasure in walking in the water and bringing clams up in its talons and depositing them in the boat which moves along beside it.

One day, when the two storks were out walking, they met a couple of ostriches, who said they had escaped from a menagerie. The storks extended them a most cordial invitation to partake of their hospitality. The ostriches, who had had nothing to eat but gravel for the preceding week, lost no time in accepting the invitation. They all went home together, and the guests were so delighted with the fisherman's home that they begged leave to remain with him forever. The wily fisherman consented, knowing that a single ostrich egg would make omelettes enough to last him a week. And now they have a greater revenue than ever, and the fisherman is building a chateau and a yacht, and is going to live the balance of his life like a plumber, for the ostriches, out of gratitude, sell their feathers right out of themselves for his benefit—that is, they go around to private residences, pluck themselves on the stoop and sell their plumes for ten dollars a-piece, and the purchasers know they are genuine. Not long ago, when they began to get so bare that they were afraid of catching pneumonia, and had to wear shawls to keep warm, they conceived the plan of sticking artificial feathers into the holes from which they pulled the natural ones, with cement. They get these plumes for a dollar a-piece and sell them for ten, for yea, verily, the people know they are genuine when the birds pull them out before their very eyes. Some of their eggs are now in course of hatching under the stove. As soon as they are hatched, and the results developed, the fisherman is going to start a feather emporium.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

THE SMALL BOY who expresses great fears of catching cold on being sent to the grocery store on a wet day, thinks nothing of wading through a malarious swamp up to his knees in mud for the purpose of killing bull-frogs or shooting muskrats.

THAT POOR OLD DONK!



IN SEARCH OF AN ISSUE.

HOW HE GOT FITTED.

"Your clothes seem to fit you pretty well," said a man to a nobbily-attired friend on the "L," road the other morning.

"They do; every one tells me so, and I feel myself that they do."

"Your tailor is evidently a great artist."

"That, sir," replied the swell, as he rolled up a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS (see advertisement on another page): "is where you are everlastingly wrong."

"How so?"

"Why, because he is no artist at all. I got a suit of clothes there some time ago. The trousers were altogether too baggy, the vest was so short that it displayed my seventy-five cent shirt betwixt itself and the southern part of my suspenders, and looked like the snow-crested Mediterranean foaming away between Europe and Africa."

"How did the coat fit?"

"It didn't fit at all; the sleeves were so long that I had to keep them off my hands by wearing elastics at the elbows. Then the collar came up so high behind that it beat time against my hat brim when I walked, and it was so big around that I couldn't make it fit without wearing an ulster under it, and that would not do with a sack coat at all, you know."

"It would not, especially in warm weather."

"Besides, the pockets were all out of gear. The handkerchief-pocket, instead of being directly over my heart, was way down under my ultimate rib—"

"And where were the lower pockets?" inquired the man who had at first praised the tailor.

"Being a strictly truthful man, I would not like to say positively, for even though not under oath, my statements are all made on a strictly conscientious basis. I will simply remark, however, that the pockets were so far beneath the usual locality, that I was obliged to stoop to get my hands into them. I concluded that to wear this coat with any degree

of comfort it would be necessary to tie cords to the pockets, so that I might haul them up within reach when I desired to take anything from them. I suppose if that tailor were to make me a Prince Albert coat, he would rig the coat-tail pockets so low that I might line them with fur in Winter and put my feet in them while standing still, and—"

"The suit couldn't have been of much service to you."

"It was not; I gave it to the Michigan sufferers. I had about all the suffering out of it that I wanted."

"But do you mean to tell me seriously that the man who made such a very misfit suit as that could possibly fit you as you are fitted in the clothes you are wearing now?"

"I do, sir. That tailor can't fit a man to save his life; yet he fits me every time, and, taking into consideration the fact that he never measures me—"

"A paradox?"

"That's just about what it is, a paradox."

"Prithee explain it."

"Yea, verily, with pleasure. You see, it is utterly impossible for this man to make a suit of clothes that will fit me—that is, if I allow him to measure me; so when I want a suit of clothes I send my brother-in-law to be measured."

"But your brother-in-law is a foot taller than you, and forty pounds heavier."

"I know he is."

"Then why do you have him measured for you?"

"Why, because I know the clothes will not fit him, and there are about four chances out of ten they will fit me. So far they have always fitted me."

"Where does your brother-in-law have his clothes made?"

"At the same place."

"How does he manage to get fitted?"

"Why, when he wants a suit of clothes I go and get measured, and it always fits him 'like the baper on de valls.'"

R. K. M.

INFORMATION.

PHILADELPHIA, July 9th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

In your issue dated July 5th you publish, under the caption of "A School-Girl's Letter," a clipping from *The Christian* (London, Eng.,) and make the following comment thereon:

"We copy this in Our Exchanges because it is so disgraceful and disgusting that it is almost funny."

Will you pardon my benighted ignorance and gratify my curiosity by explaining what there is about the salvation of a number of young girls, by what ever means accomplished, that deserves the name of either "disgraceful" or "disgusting"?

For fear that you should give me more credit than is my due, I will state that I can lay no claim to being a convert in the church sense of the term, but that I possess a little faith, a little hope and a great deal of charity, a small portion of which latter quality I am willing to extend even to the writer of the comment heretofore alluded to.

ANXIOUS INQUIRER.

There is nothing about the "salvation" of a number of young girls that is either disgraceful or disgusting. But there is nothing about the salvation of anybody in the letter we quoted. It is a shocking description of the effects of a morbid and dangerous mental excitement on the conduct of children and half-grown girls. If our correspondent can see anything in the semi-epileptic agonies of these poor little sobbing, sleepless creatures that has the slightest connection with religion—with religion in the true sense of the word—then it is clear that he needs, in addition to his equipment of Faith, Hope and Charity, a trifle of common-sense.

Now, "Anxious Inquirer," look over that letter yourself, and see if you can find any "salvation" in it, for anybody or anything. Granting that these innocent, undefiled children are in need of protection from a being who yearns to consign them to an eternity of agony—and we will frankly say that we won't entertain the idea for an instant—granting, for purposes of argument, that they do stand in this spiritual jeopardy, do you really think that the way to save them is to work on their feeble minds until they grow hysterical, have spasms and fancy they see visions?

Don't you know, now, as a man of ordinary intelligence, that it is the easiest thing in the world to drive a young girl into such a state of unwholesome mental exaltation that she will believe anything and everything that injudicious teachers or guardians may put into her head? Don't you know that there is nothing really spiritual about this excitement? Don't you know that it is the result of abnormal influences, exerted upon a weak mind in a weak body? Don't you know that it is simply a cruelty to try such dangerous experiments upon young, impressible, feeble minds? And don't you know that in thus doing violence to the natural healthy growth of a child's character, the seeds of insanity and hysteria are sown by the handful?

If you don't know these simple truths, of course you can not understand why we call the publication of the "School-Girl's Letter" a disgraceful and disgusting performance.

AMUSEMENTS.

"Siberia" is becoming interesting—the play, we mean.

The Hungarian Gypsy Band, the Rainer Tyrolean Warblers and Miss Henrietta Markstein, the pianist, are the attractions at KOSTER & BIAL'S CONCERT HALL.

Miss Fanny Kellogg, who is under the management of Mr. Max Bachert, is fast making a reputation as a warbler of a high order. She has won the hearts of the Canadians.

One of the Kiralfy Brothers being interviewed about his ballet for this season, replied, in his choicest Hungarian, to the PUCK reporter: "Magyar budapesth drolinsko. We import our Italians."

The management of the MADISON SQUARE THEATRE informs us that "Esmeralda" is being played for something like the two hundred and seventieth time. We accept this airy statement of the management, as we have never had any reason to doubt its veracity.

The BIJOU OPERA HOUSE has taken charge of the New York supply of "Patience," aided by Mr. John Howson, as *Bunthorne*, Mr. Digby Bell, as *Grosvenor*, Miss Lilly Post, as *Patience*, Miss Laura Joyce, as *Lady Jane*, with competent and attractive coadjutors.

The "Merry War," at the GERMANIA THEATRE, pursues its merry way along to overflowing audiences. And when we remember that there is a fine ballet, a good chorus, a pretty opera, able singers, handsome scenery, an army of managers and an admirable orchestra, the success does not seem so very surprising after all.

HAVERLY'S FOURTEENTH STREET THEATRE is given up to the admirers of the police force, and to those who laugh at the vagaries of such of its members as *John Mishler*. This warm-hearted and enterprising individual is gracefully performed by Mr. Gus Williams, who never fancied how popular he was till he put the matter to the test by performing a policeman. The company is good, the acting is interesting, the scenery is fine. "One of the Finest" seems to have all the elements of popularity, and has drawn large houses to this home of Summer successes.

The METROPOLITAN ALCAZAR managers have now settled down to their work, and are fast reconciling the New Yorker to his frequently enforced sojourn in the city. There is to be seen nightly Signora Vanoni, a polyglot artist, who sings equally well in Cherokee or Platt-Deutsch. Then comes the tuneful and lively comic opera of "Dr. of Alcantara" in two acts, interpreted by good artists. "Sylvia," a soothing, poetical and brilliant ballet, concludes the entertainment—Signorina Lepri hopping about with such a disregard for the attraction of gravitation as to lead to the belief that she habitually walks on air.

TAMMANEE.

It is not so many years ago,

In a city by the sea,

That a maiden there lived, whom you may know

By the name of Tammanee,

And she lived with no other thought than to love

And be loved by John Kellee.

He was a child and she was a child

In this city by the sea,

And they grew in years and waxed in strength,

And scooped at S. J. T.,

Till a wind blew out of an Albany cloud,

Chilling and killing poor Tammanee.

But their love it was stronger by far than the hate

Of the ancient S. J. T.,

And Boss K—he swore at a terrible rate

That neither the "kickers" in Irving Hall,

Nor the D. C. at Albanee

Should ever disover his soul from the soul

Of the now defunct Tammanee.

And so all the night-tide he sits down beside

His poor slaughtered darling, his fortune and pride,

And 'tis pitiful to see

His struggles vain in the face of Fate,

His wild attempts to resuscitate

The corpse of Tammanee.

R. O. F.

Answers for the Anxious.

Free-Masons sending us scurrilous and abusive communications will kindly give full names and addresses, and thereby save us much trouble.

HASLETTINE.—She wishes you to get a green suit.

A SUBSCRIBER.—We can give you no information concerning that or any other similar concern.

J. C. D., Boston.—A little too technical. Otherwise would be most happy. Go on in the good work. And if you are at all disappointed, think of the thousands of other hearts that will bleed when they read this answer and try to make out what it is all about.

WILLIE M.—"What must I do to fit myself for the position of District Telegraph Messenger?" you inquire. Practise—sedulously practise loafing on the side-streets, cultivate a haughty inability to answer a civil question, forget, if you can, where the post-office is, neglect your nails and eat onions. You'll be employed.

BETTOR.—Your letter is one of many:

NEW YORK, July 7th, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

To decide a bet upon the cartoon in the centre of the paper No. 277, June 28th, in which the man is being hung, will you please answer the following questions?

First.—Has the cartoon any reference to the Giteau execution?

Second.—Is not the subject of your cartoon similar to one of Robert Ingersoll's illustrations in his lecture called: "What Shall I Do to be Saved?"

By answering the above you will confer a benefit on one of your subscribers who has had several arguments with different persons, all of whom insist that the cartoon represents the Giteau execution.

Very truly, etc.,

BETTOR.

First.—You pays your money and you takes your choice.

Second.—We never saw the Sunday-school tract in question, so we really don't know.

WE SEE PROPER.

YANKTON, Dakota, July, 1882.

To the Editor of PUCK—Sir:

The recently organized Young Men's Christian Association of this city, having opened a public reading-room, is desirous of supplying the same with all the leading periodicals of the country.

We shall endeavor to make our rooms a place of resort for all who appreciate good reading, and papers on our tables will become well advertised in this vicinity.

If you should see proper to send us a copy of your publication on the above inducement, we would be most happy to receive it. If not, then please inform us what, if any, reduction will be made in favor of our association from your regular subscription rates.

Very respectfully,

DUANE RIFENBARK,
Corresponding Secretary.

We see proper, Mr. Rifenbark; but not for the reasons given and suggested in your note. We do not care to send PUCK to you for the sake of the advertisement it is likely to get among the young Christians in your reading-room. We do not do business in that way, for one thing. And, for another, we are certain that the advertisement would not benefit us one cent's worth. The men who go to free reading-rooms either can not or will not buy papers; and we are not, at present, inclined to give ourselves much trouble to capture them.

No, Mr. Rifenbark, we send you PUCK purely on a missionary basis. You will find in its columns the soundest teachings of the day, and teachings that will stand for all time. For instance, it will teach you not to mix business and philanthropy—not to appeal to Cupidity when you appeal to Charity alone. It will teach you to detest cant and hypocrisy, and to love sturdy honesty. It will teach your young Christians that the righteousness that is exacted of them in this life is something more than lip-service and making clean the outside of the cup and platter. It will teach them to be true to their trusts in public and in private life; to believe in and serve their country; to extend a genuine charity to their fellow-men, and to laugh at what is truly laughable in a world where the distribution of laughter and tears is pretty fairly balanced.

So, seeing that we have an opportunity of doing all this good, we do see proper to send you PUCK free of charge. This is against our rules, which we are not often asked to break. The Young Men's Christian Associations of Harrisburg, Pa., of the University of Virginia, of Murfreesboro', of Des Moines, and of half-a-dozen other places take PUCK regularly and pay for it.

But there is a queer business twist to your views of charity, as set forth in your circular, which makes us think that you really need PUCK; and you shall have it, Mr. Rifenbark, and welcome.

A NUMBER of worthy citizens have petitioned our precious Board of Aldermen to reduce the fare on the Fourth Avenue horse-cars to five cents. The line belongs to the New York and Harlem Railroad Company, which has leased its steam lines for four hundred years. The petitioners betray an excess of impatience that is most reprehensible. They ought to wait until the lease is up, when the directors may have time to discuss this trivial matter.

CONGRESS HAS APPROPRIATED over \$36,000,000 for the improvement of the Mississippi River. This seems rather a large amount when it is considered that no Brooklyn Bridge has been put across it. If the Board of Directors of the Mississippi River—if it is run by a Board of Directors—had been Tammany-Brave contractors the amount contributed by this time would be many hundreds of millions, and the government would probably be borrowing money to improve the politicians.

We have received from Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmänn, of this city, PUCK ON WHEELS for 1882, which is said to be a Summer Resort Guide and Patent Cure for Malaria. It is a leviathan tome of 128 pages, gorgeously illustrated and full of life. It opens with a dedication to V. Hugo Dusenbury, and a poem by that gentlemanly poet in acknowledgement of the high honor conferred upon him. The book is hilarious from cover to cover, with the exception of the advertisements, which reek with solemn grandeur. This unique brochure, which we have heard of several times before, is filled with the choicest kind of American humor. Every paragraph is pointed and punless, and the cover is as bright as an Oriental sunset. If read before each meal for three consecutive days it will break malaria permanently. This is the reason that several manufacturers of patent medicines for this familiar malady have instituted legal proceedings to restrain the publishers from producing it in the Provinces. But still they produce throughout the land to delighted audiences. Twenty-five cents per copy, of all news-dealers.



OFFICE OF PUCK 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

THE GREAT CONGRESSIONAL TRAMP BULLYING THE OTHERS



WAYER WERKEL & OTTMANN LITH. 25-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

LYING THE OLD WOMEN OF THE NATIONAL HOUSEHOLD.

GREEN SUITS.

For the past two weeks men have been seen on the streets in green suits, and, in all probability, they think it is exceeding swell. The great beauty of a green suit is that it looks brown in the gas-light, and leads the unsuspecting observer to imagine the wearer to be the possessor of two suits.

Although a green suit looks brown in the gas-light, it can't be said with any degree of truth that a brown suit looks green in the day-time. That's just where the green suit everlastingly achieves the biscuit of supremacy over its brown brother.

A young man fell off a dock at Long Branch the other day. He had on a green suit of clothes. The water was bottle-green; the young man could not be seen. His clothes were precisely the color of the water. But soon his head appeared. The people saw it at once. It was red, and in that kind of water looked like a lone pepper in a dish of emerald pickles.

When he had been hauled up on a rope, and suspended by the feet to let the water he had swallowed pour out of him, it was noticed that a number of live lobsters came flying down on the ground. The cause was obvious to all intelligent bystanders. They understood at once that it was the color of the clothes that had attracted them. It also explained the cause of an accident that occurred at the same place last week. The accident was as follows:

One afternoon a Hibernian nurse was in bathing with some children. She had not been in the water more than two minutes before something grabbed her by the, the, the—limb. She afterward stated that it felt like a pair of ice-tongs, but she knew it was a lobster, because she saw it. The explanation is simple. Her stockings were green.

On the strength of this discovery a local fisherman tied a piece of green cloth on a line, and enticed lobsters to the surface of the water, where he captured them with a net. Strange infatuations for colors in animals are well known to all students of natural history. Cattle can not bear to see anything red, while a piece of scarlet fabric is the thing well calculated to set the heart of any bull-frog pulsing in a delirium of the wildest delight. No extra charge for the scientific information.

The fisherman then rigged up a figure something like a scarecrow, and dressed it in green clothes. It is perfectly hollow. Every morning he pulls it up by a rope that is fastened around its neck, and empties about fifty lobsters into the boat. The other day when the steamer landed, and the deck-hands were taking some furniture ashore, an old desk fell overboard. It had a green leather top. When it was hauled up, the drawers were unlocked, and found to be filled with lobsters. So were the pigeon-holes. The story is discredited by many people at the Branch, but there are other eye-witnesses whose reputation for telling the truth have never been suspected, who will testify to it. The other day a lady was playing with her green parrot. A lobster lying on the wharf saw it and crawled over. They shook hands—that is, the lobster grabbed hold of the parrot with its claws, and the parrot held on with its beak. The bird, in great pain, attempted to fly and did fly off the dock. The lobster was so heavy that it bore the parrot to the water.

"You have saved my life," said the lobster: "lay it there."

The parrot laid it there with great feeling.

"As you have saved my life, and kept me from being hashed up with a lot of lettuce and stuff, and sold for forty cents a plate, I'll now save yours."

Whereupon the lobster swam ashore with the parrot, and left it safely on the strand.

It is stated that the united fishermen are going to invite the Sixty-ninth Regiment to camp out at Long Branch, and drill every afternoon close to the water, as they believe the uniform of this troop will cause the lobsters to walk right out of the water and surrender themselves. But this would only do for green specimens; it would take an English regiment to have a satisfactory effect on red lobsters.

This is all we know about green suits.

BRITISH "PREPARATIONS."

There may be some fighting going on in Egypt in which Great Britain will probably join. We know that she is interested in the matter, because she is, as usual, making such enormous preparations for the fray. She is calling out "army corps" and "reserves," distributing stands of arms and organizing siege trains. England is quite capable of doing all these things, and, what is more, can find the money to pay the bill. But it strikes us that we shall hear more of the "preparations" than of the warlike acts. Why make all this terrible fuss about dispatching twenty or twenty-five thousand men to Egypt? Although England does not pretend to be a military power, she ought to have been able to have sent such a handful of men there within a month. She has plenty of steamers at her disposal. During the six months of this year 278,000 of emigrants have been safely landed in this country in the ordinary course of traffic, and yet every morning we are treated to columns of European telegrams about British military "preparations" to carry to Egypt a paltry twenty thousand men. If she means to fight she should send her troops, and let the world know of the wonderful preliminary "preparations" after the soldiers have reached their destination and carried out the objects for which they were dispatched.

A SURPRISE FOR ITALIAN BISHOPS.

We learn from the cable news in the *Herald* that the Pope, in an allocution at a recent consistory, said that the position of the Church in Italy was becoming worse than ever. The government, he declared, was guilty of bad faith in refusing exequaturs to twenty bishops he had nominated. We think that His Holiness is just a little premature in his censure. The government of Italy has acted with the best intentions, and we are surprised that the Papal party does not see it. Why all this trouble about exequaturs? There are many things in this world that are much more useful and ornamental than exequaturs. The government of Italy evidently understands this, and that accounts for the delay in their issue to the bishops of which the Holy Father complains so much. But the bishops will soon be satisfied, and the Pope will soon be called upon to apologize to King Humbert and his cabinet. The Italian Government, it appears, had not the slightest intention of hurting the feelings of any one. It was simply waiting for the publication of PUCK ON WHEELS for the Summer of 1882, in order that it might present a copy to each Italian bishop, which would be much more useful to him in his business than the very best patent spring-back, nickel-plated exequatur that was ever manufactured.

WHEN SULLIVAN meets Collins, then will come the Tug of War.

IT IS NOW THOUGHT that the postal rate on letters will be reduced to two cents, and so it won't cost poets so much to have their verses sent back.

WHAT TO DO.

During the year just past a course of five lectures was delivered in Philadelphia before thirty-two classes on the subject of what to do in cases where people are hurt in regions where medical aid abounds not. A number of pertinent questions were put to the classes, and, as none seem to have been answered, we now take the liberty of answering the set:

What would you do for a person who has received a severe scalp wound that is bleeding freely?

First, we would wash his head and dry it with a blotting-pad. Then we would proceed to place upon it a piece of moistened fly-paper, fitted to the head to keep the flies off. Then we would ask him if he took out an accident policy. If he had, we would congratulate him; if he hadn't, we would give him a copy of PUCK ON WHEELS for consolation.

Suppose a man has received a severe cut on the hand; tell me everything you could do to stop the bleeding.

We would hold his hand up in the air, because blood can't run up hill any more than water can. If this didn't succeed, we'd ask him for ten dollars, and see how he'd bleed at the pocket. Then we would crack on a handful of mud so thick that the blood couldn't get through. If it still kept coming through we would pour claret into him (for claret makes blood) as fast as the blood comes out. Thus he would have fresh blood all the time, and his intellect would become so bright that admirers could only approach him safely with umbrellas on. Then we would—we would be happy to tell you everything we would do, but, alas, we cannot; if we did, it would take up so much space that it would seriously affect the sanitary welfare of the advertisements and poetry.

How would you go to work on a person taken out of the water apparently drowned?

With a club, after which we would roll him down hill in an empty barrel three or four times. Give us an easier one.

If a person were taken out of a sewer, old well, mine, or gas tank in an insensible condition, what would you do for him?

Turn him over to the street cleaning committee, and dedicate him to John Kelly. Selah.

If you found a person lying down in the street, partly or wholly insensible, what might be the matter with him?

He might be sunstruck or he might be a little how came you so. If we were betting on it, we'd bet from the how came you so standpoint.

If you decided it was apoplexy, how would you treat it?

To beer, if we had money; if we were broke, we'd treat it with silent contempt.

If it was heat-stroke, how would you treat it?

Calmly and dispassionately to a piece of pie.

How would you know it was not intoxication?

By smelling its breath, and by holding before it the *Century* cover and asking it to define the same.

Tell me all you can about ventilating a sick room.

All right, we will. First you get your sick room. If the room is dangerously sick, you must be very careful to have the air heated over a slow fire before the cook empties it on the floor. When the room is convalescent, and able to go out, take it to the mountains; sea air is too strong. If two weeks do not cure it, and it needs a different kind of ventilation, fill its lungs with air brought over from Hunter's Point.

This exhausts the catalogue of interrogations; but we shall be only too happy to reply to any more that may be made on the same or on any kindred subject.

PUCK ON WHEELS
PRICE 25 CENTS.

DISCONTENT IN DUNNAMERE.

On the evening of Wednesday, June 28th, in the year of our Lord 1882, there stood in the post office of Dunnamere, — County, Pennsylvania, a group of about twenty men. They were farmers, drovers and traders. They were Democrats. They belonged in Dunnamere and in the country just back of it. They were watching and waiting intently for a messenger, and canvassing with much hardihood what his message should be.

I stood among them. I was surprised at such heed being paid the dissemination of information which has been scorned and repudiated time and again by the loyal yeomen of the backwoods districts of the Keystone Commonwealth.

"What are you waiting for?" I asked, timidly.

"We be waitin' for report from Harrisburg."

"You don't mean the Democratic State Convention?"

"That we do. And we expect our candidate to be nominated, too. We have instructed our delegates to vote and work for him."

"Who is he?" I ventured to ask.

"James Buchanan."

"James Buchanan is dead," I ventured: "Your representatives in Harrisburg will not, certainly, work for a candidate who has been gathered for many years to his fathers and now reclines peacefully in a cemetery?"

"Don't bother yourself about him," was the answer vouchsafed: "he knows what he's doing, he does. He's not called the 'Sage of Wheatland' for nothing. Why, that man's popularity in Lancaster and thereabouts will assure the success of the whole ticket."

"Is the feeling here unanimous for Mr. Buchanan?" I asked.

"Oh, no! Unfortunately it is not. Judge Woodward has many admirers among the boy-voters of Dunnamere—these striplings are never satisfied to follow the counsels of their elders. We sent six delegates to Harrisburg. Five will vote for Buchanan—the other is for Woodward."

I suggested that Woodward, too, was dead.

"That's all you know," said the spokesman, defiantly: "why, I saw him myself at the Centennial in Philadelphia. I guess I know a live man from a dead one."

"The Centennial was six years ago. He has died since."

"I'd have you to understand that the Democrats of this borough know *their* business. They don't want any dictation from stranger chaps. We are in favor of pure Jeffersonian principles. Fremont and Thad. Stevens and Sumner, what do they amount to? Mere trouble-breeders. The North has her rights, and the South has *hers*. We have no sympathy with the black Republican abolitionists."

"How, then, about the war?"

"War! There'll be no war. Jere. Black, understands the Constitution. Horatio Seymour will see it enforced. If New England isn't satisfied, it can secede. It would be small loss to the rest of the country."

"Do you believe that Buchanan will be nominated at Harrisburg?"

"We don't know, but we hope so. General McClellan might prove a popular candidate, but he's an extremist. He wants too much. We believe in leaving well enough alone. If he won't stand up to that platform, we have no use for him. Buchanan, on the other hand, understands the true principles of government. No pesky progress about him. He would whoop up the majorities in the Lehigh Valley, in the Cumberland, in the Wilmot district and in Chester. He is just the man for the hour."

RETRIBUTION



NO, THIS MAN HAS NOT BEEN SUNSTRUCK. HE HAS JUST INQUIRED OF THE OTHER MAN GOING UP THE STREET: "IS IT HOT ENOUGH FOR YOU?"

In this conversation each member of the assembled group took part. They were practically of one mind, though a few dissentient voices were heard for Judge Woodward, a gentleman who departed this life many years since full of dignity and honors.

As the soft pale light of early evening was falling on the hills and casting sombre shadows over the valleys; as the cows were being driven within their enclosures, and the watch-dogs were being chained—we heard the rumble of a rustic "buckboard," and the driver, enveloped in enthusiasm and road-dust, rattled forward to spread the tidings that Patterson, of Philadelphia, had been nominated for Governor at the sixth ballot at Harrisburg, and that Buchanan and Woodward had been "left" in the race.

"Billy Patterson nominated for Governor! What could you expect from a parcel of boys who don't even know what Democracy is? Billy Patterson, indeed! I suppose the abolitionists will nominate the man who struck him. See, Asa, if they don't. It is disgraceful. I wish we had some leader like Fernando Wood is in New York, and there would be nothing of this kind in Pennsylvania."

And the entire party (the driver of the buckboard included) betook themselves to a neighboring and friendly hostelry and unanimously resolved to ignore the action of the convention and pledge themselves to the support of "the gallant leader from Wheatland—Hon. James Buchanan."

He would be an inconsiderate man who would attempt to predicate anything on the result of the election in Dunnamere, but I venture to be certain that the late Mr. Buchanan will poll the entire Democratic vote. They are no Republicans. In Paradise, Poconoming, Grand View, Holmes's Gulch and Absalom the result will be substantially the same.

ERNEST HARVIER.

THE PANAMA upon our brow

Lies airily and flat;

Oh, who, oh, who respects thee now,

O ebon Derby hat?

IN RURE.

A MODERN HOROSCOPE.

Nannette, ma chérie,
Que j'aime le babil!
Another cup of tea,
Nannette, ma chérie?
Look in the cup and see
The turn of Fortune's wheel.
Nannette, ma chérie,
Que j'aime le babil!

PAPER FAMINE.

Cream-laid paper is so "scace,"
That I write upon the fly-leaf.
In this realm of trees and grass
Idle thoughts must quickly pass.
Cream-laid paper is as "scace"
As in rainy woods a dry leaf;
Cream-laid paper is so "scace,"
That I write upon the fly-leaf.

DEUX EN HAMAC.

In a bower of honeysuckle,
'Mid the humming of the bees
With their glitter like the buckle
On the chapeau of Louise,
I ingloriously truckle
To the favor of the Breeze.

Hither, Breeze! and set a-dancing
All the leaves upon the boughs;
Come from crested waves a-glancing
Where the yachtsmen loll and drowse;
Aid me in my rich romancing—
Sleepy rose-trees softly rouse.

You're a laggard, idling, trifling,
In some flowery valley fair;
Scented gardens you are rifling
Of their balmy odors rare.
Hasten hither! We are stifling.
Come and toss Louise's hair.

Fan us like the peacock feathers
Waved by Oriental slaves;
Whisper low of Arctic weathers,
Where the walrus sports and laves;
Bind our souls in slumber's tethers—
Send the rest tired Nature craves.

C. C. S.

PUCK NE'ER RETURNS rejected articles;
But grinds them to a thousand particles.

WOMAN'S WAY.

'Twas an electriclit eve on Broadway, and she was hooked on. He thought they were going home. She knew there was a-lyin' in the way, vanilla or chocolate or mixed. 'Twas late, but she had often filled up choc o' late nights. She chirped:

"Alonzo, please, do not walk alonzo fast. This noble metropolitan avenoo with its grand structures and its parkitectural expective was once a mere by-way. It is still a buy-way—where folks buy things. Do you see?"

"By thunder! that's good."

"No, Alonzo, atmospheric electrical explosions are not purchasable. I refer to articles of consumption, cooling beverages, etsyteera." [She meant et cætera.]

"Charming evening," originated he.

"Soda lightful," insinuated she.

"The perfumed air is so—"

"Sodariferous?"

"A chemist told me that soda is bad for—"

"Those who don't buy any, very."

"I remember a warning of his—"

"A warning-a-fizz! Yes, I hear it; it is—it is the fountain's carbonized escapement."

"That's because it is charged—"

"Yes, Alonzo, only ten cents with cream."

"I mean, 'tis on account—"

"Of course, some run a regular account there and treat their affectionate friends to barrels of it."

"But I'm told it is poisonous."

"Alonzo, it can not possibly poison us if we do not drink it. I've often longed to be just a little bit poisoned."

He was squeezing that solitary dime in the off-pocket of his trousers. Something must be done. He observed:

"I don't object to soda out of meanness."

"I don't object to it out of—anything!"

"I mean that I never taste it; but if you will excuse me and execute a solo on the glasses, we will enter here."

"Oh, thanks, Alonzo; you are so, ever so much so! Chocolate and vanilla, please."

Horrors!

That dime is copper. Alonzo is nine cents short. The soda-seller is a stranger. He is also six feet one... But, ah! Is it? It is!

Yes, Alonzo is saved. An acquaintance is purchasing a cigar at opposite counter and pays for it with a dollar bill. An immediate interview results pecuniously. Alonzo had a mother, once—twice. One

was a step-mother. But he never revered her (either one of her) as he does that acquaintance. He returns to his girl. He suggests a soda duet. His inconsistency is unnoticed. She does not paralyze easily. He has suffered purgatorial thirst for the past hour. They drink fizz-a-fizz.

"Thirty cents; thank you. Do you know that soda 's riz?"

"Yes," she coyly replied: "it tickles my nose."

Alice Aurelia meant, with an undying meaning, to have that soda-water. She left home with Alonzo, possessed of no other object or purpose. He thought of his twenty-one cents change and told her:

"You are fair to-night as in the sweet, pale moon."

She could only murmur, as she wrestled with a shecup:

"Full, full!"

We are all under Woman's Sway.

JOHN ALBRO.

DURING A THUNDER STORM out West, a book canvasser took shelter under a tree and was struck on the cheek by lightning. The doctors say the lightning can't live.

IT IS STATED by an eminent authority that cities always grow on the side which faces the wind, as all offensive odors are then borne away from that part. Now the conundrum which naturally suggests itself is, which is the proper side of Hunter's Point to build your house on?

IN AND OUT.



A NICE THING FOR THE PET POLITICAL PARTY.

"NONE NAME THEE BUT TO PRAISE."

The welcome Summer book, PUCK ON WHEELS, has put in an appearance, looking as bright and fresh as in previous years, and filled from cover to cover with first-class humorous reading matter and illustrations. Everything is original, which is characteristic of PUCK. "PUCK's Summer Resort Guide" occupies several pages of the book, and contains items of information regarding a number of well-known Summer resorts. Two of them are of local interest, as follows: "Richfield Springs.—So called because the rates are so high that the guest springs out and declares he won't come back till he strikes a rich field—Police! Fire!! Murder!!! Watch—a patent lever—so called because you leave it with your uncle so often! *Cave canem.*" "Utica.—One of the seven birthplaces of Roscoe Conkling. See Canonchet." The book is replete with good things, which will be appreciated by all who love fun.—*Rome Sentinel.*

The annual issue of PUCK ON WHEELS (No. 3) was on our table a portion of last week, and from occasional glimpses that we were able to catch of its pages, it seems to be a regular liver invigorator. Everybody who came in "cribbed" it for an hour and went off in a corner to swell up and snicker over its happy conceits of text and engraving. We hope yet to be able to look it through, and get some of the good of it. Dropping into its poetry we find in "A Summer After" a happy combination of of ancient classics and modern humor. "Made of Something," "An Apostrophe Haliographic" and "Cousin Floy" are worth more words of praise than we have room for. The last named is a pure poetic gem, both in conceit and expression.—*Syracuse Sunday Times.*

PUCK ON WHEELS for 1882 is a jolly, rollicking, rib-tickling publication. Its humor is high-toned and effective. Bubbling with fun, it goes straight to the funny-bone, and causes the risible muscles to expand until the vest buttons are in danger of being scattered about the floor. This interesting annual is illustrated by Keppler and a corps of pencil humorists, while the witty pens of Valentine, Munkittrick and a host of jolly fellows have added the cream of their efforts to PUCK ON WHEELS.—*Whitehall Times.*

PUCK ON WHEELS for the Summer of 1882 is running broadcast over the land, taking a fund of humor, cartoonic and pennic, of a character warranted to dispel the worst case of blues in from two to five minutes. No cure, no pay. Each package has the name of the remedy blown upon the cover in varied colors. It is the electric light of Summer resorts, and it only costs twenty-five cents to occupy it.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

Messrs. Keppler & Schwarzmann, of the bright and racy PUCK, appear for the third time with their "Annual" screed. This time it is entitled PUCK ON WHEELS, and a brighter or more interesting collection of nonsense, seasoned with flakes of worldly wisdom, we have seldom seen. In many respects this annual goes far ahead of its predecessors.—*Boston Times.*

PUCK ON WHEELS for the year 1882 has been received at this office. It far surpasses any previous effort of the publishers, and will bring a smile on the face of a heathen Chinese. The reading matter is carefully prepared by their staff of humorous writers.—*Wilmington (Del.) Daily Republican.*

PUCK ON WHEELS is a Summer annual of an amusing character, with pictures, poetry, tales and sketches that all will appreciate. It is especially readable while journeying on cars or steamer.—*Detroit Free Press.*

PUCK ON WHEELS for the midsummer is out, and as a velocipede of humor, both in letter-press and illustrations, far outstrips everything on the road.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

PUCK ON WHEELS is out. A lively Summer book, about which we shall say more in the future. Meanwhile, buy a copy and laugh over it.—*New Haven Register.*

A consoling assurance to those suffering from Skin Diseases, that Swayne's Ointment will cure the worst case.

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MR. LOWELL, evidently, is not the man for the English mission under the new and altered conditions of our diplomacy and intercourse with foreign nations. In the first place, he labors under the great disadvantage of having an American ancestry which dates back to a period nearly two hundred and fifty years ago. The founders of his house arrived in New England in 1639. The Lowells have been so long in America that they have ceased to be Americans. No one can now lay claim to that title who has not landed at Castle Garden within a period of at least ten years, and who has been naturalized longer than half that time. But there are numerous other objections to Mr. Lowell which clearly show his unfitness to represent the Biglins and the O'Rooneys in a diplomatic position. He has been a maker of verses the greater part of his life; he has won at least the second rank in the roll of American poets, but take his numerous productions, and what is there in them worth remembering? Is there anything that can be compared with the "Wearing of the Green," or "Who Feels to Speak of Ninety-Eight?" or "Garryowen"? What has he said about St. Patrick? Has he ever tuned his lyre to sing the praises of the "Ould Sod"? If he has, we confess that we have never heard of it. Instead of that, he has written such nonsense as the following:

"They are slaves who dare not choose
Wrong and hatred and abuse
Rather than in silence shrink
From the truth they needs must think,
They are slaves who dare not be
In the right with two or three."

These lines were given to the world in the old days of the anti slavery struggle, when the McSweeneyes, who are now howling so loudly about freedom, were voting the "regular ticket" to keep the black man in fetters, and when the dynamite patriots were wishing with the arch-apostle of dynamite, John Mitchell, that they had a good plantation of fat niggers in old Virginia. Clearly Mr. Lowell should be recalled. We have a new gospel of Americanism in this evening of the nineteenth century—a gospel that declares Kearney shall be supreme in California and shall close the "golden gate" against the Chinaman, and which prescribes that in the East the commissions of our Ministers shall be countersigned by an Irish "suspect." "The American must go."—*The Hour*.

FANCY JOB PRINTING! Thus read the exclamation, and so thought we. The idea of a man afflicted as Job was being engaged in the business of printing was preposterous. Fancy him hovering over a case with his boily arms, picking up agate and diamond with his boily fingers, and ever and anon craning his boily neck to decipher the illegible copy; though why the matter has been opened up at this late day is not clear. Job is dead.—*Cin. Saturday Night*.

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Rats, mice, ants, flies, vermin, mosquitos, insects, etc., cleared out by "Rough on Rats." 15c. boxes at druggists.

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BURDETTE'S COMMENCEMENTS.

"Classmates, adieu. To-day, we part, for
years; it may be, for ever, (tears). But, the
sacred, ties, of friendship, welded, by the, fade-
less—" (storms of convulsive sobs.)

"The mill will never grind with the water
that has past.' How true, alas! and yet how
sad. Man, in the enjoyment of numberless—"

"Standing here upon the threshold of life,
with high hopes and resolute hearts, trusting
only in the—"

"To you, patient and gentle teachers, who
have guided our steps in the ways of learning
four long—"

"Life is a river. From the pure fountain
head, cradled in the distant mountains, flowing
between—" —*Burlington Hawkeye.*

SOMEBODY must have stepped on the tail of
Arabi Bey's coat. Since the days of good
young Joseph, nobody's clothes have been safe
in Egypt.

There are no mosquitos, malaria, fogs or hot
weather at the sea-side hotels this Summer. But
there is a liar at each one of them, and he is
the fellow who writes the circulars.

The flat hat that is so prevalent at this time
is liked by the young men who wear it, because
they can reach over the edges and hold it on
with their ears when the wind blows.

"What becomes of all the old box cars?"
the visitor asked the master machinist. "Oh,
we put handles on 'em and sell them for Sara-
toga trunks," the truthful M. M. made reply.

A boat was picked up adrift on the Delaware
River the other day, and the only living things
found on board were a snake and a quart of
whiskey. Probably some Congressman had
been to another funeral.

Booth is resting in Philadelphia, which is a
sarcastic way New Yorkers have of going into
the country. You see they can't smell Hunter's
Point from Philadelphia, and whenever a New
Yorker can't smell Hunter's Point, he thinks he
is in the Adirondacks.

The shower came up, or rather it came down
—a shower never comes up—so unexpectedly
that nearly everybody was taken by surprise,
and Jefferson Street was in a panic. Young
Masher, who never goes without his umbrella,
saw his opportunity, and, sailing up to the pret-
tiest girl with the prettiest hat in all Burlington,
made a bow that is warranted to kill across the
street, and said: "May I offer you my um-
brella?" "Oh, a thousand thanks," she said:
"Papa will bring it down to his office in the
morning," and she sailed away dry shod, leav-
ing him desolate and soaking in his loneliness,
like a pelican in the wilderness and as a weather-
vane upon the housetop.—*Hawkeye.*

There are political outbreaks so popular with the
whole people that the state dare not interfere. The
breaking out of pustules, pimples, tetter and the
like on the face, can be pleasantly cured by Dr.
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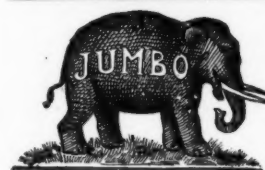
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"Good Eve" would then to her apply.

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In view of the fact that Barnum fooled so many people in this world, a Southern paper wonders what sort of a show he will have in the next.—N. Y. Com. Advertiser.

ONE of the colored pupils at Hampton (Va.) Institute illustrated the opposite meaning of "pro" and "con" by giving as examples progress and Congress. He had evidently been reading the proceedings of the present session.—Detroit Free Press.

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"What did yer do that for?"

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"Yer wouldn't. Why not?"

"'Cause he lied to me like a pirate."

"How so? Didn't he give you nothing?"

"Yes, he gave me fifty cents; but he said if I always continued to be as honest as that I'd go to Congress some day."—Cheek.

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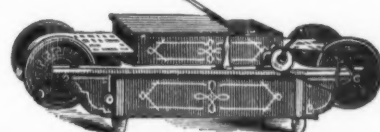
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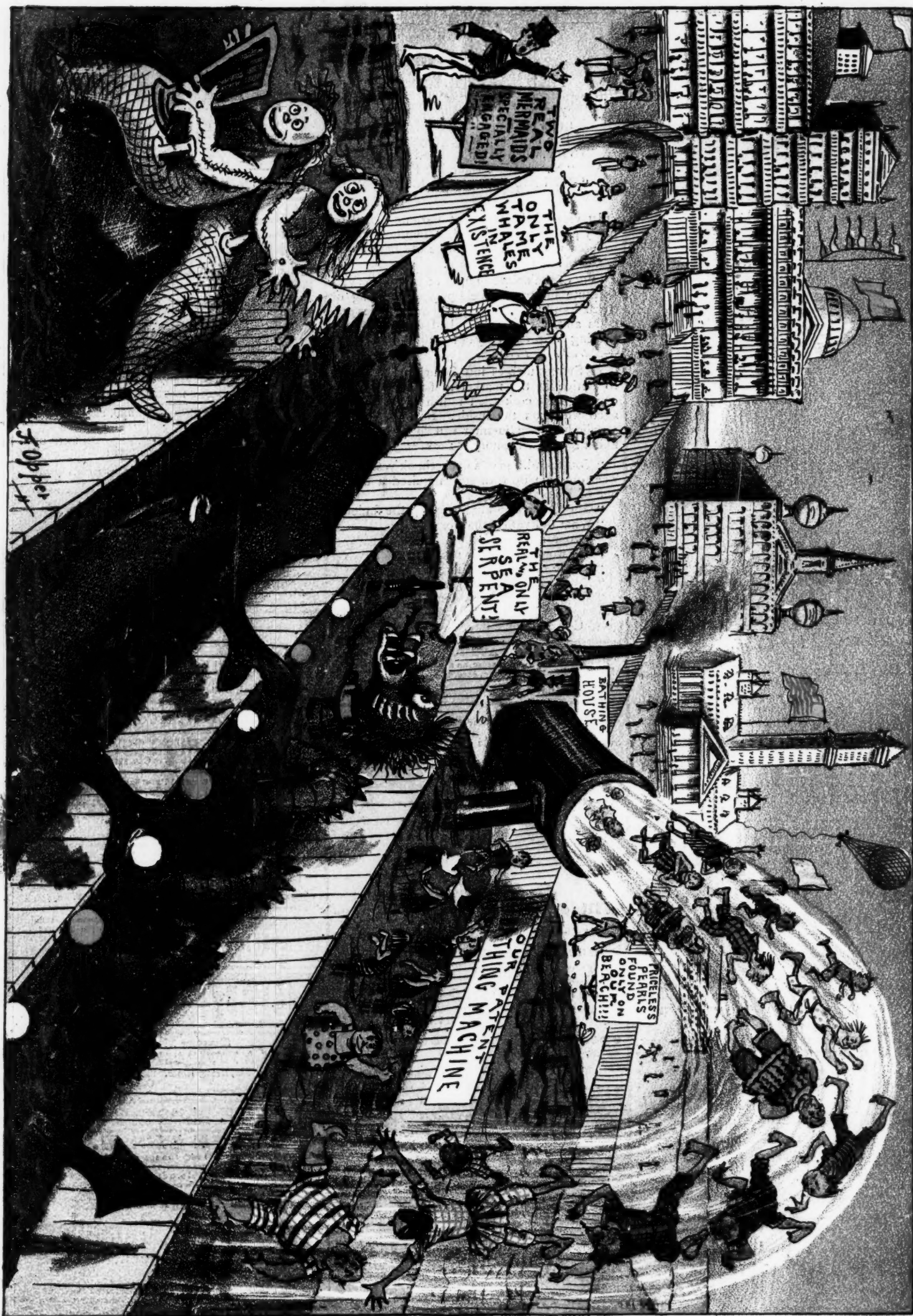
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